WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Are Worry and Overwork Killing Our Congressmen?

WASHINGTON.—Why are members of congress dying off so fast? The mortality rate in both the senate and the house has recently increased so remarkably that the capitol statesmen are apprehensively searching for the answer. Within a year the senate alone has lost seven of its members, or about 7 per cent. The house has lost almost as many. What's the most disquieting about it, from a member's point of view, is that death has taken few of the oldest members, its heaviest toll being among those of middle age and supposedly the most vigorous.

Is fast living responsible for fast dying among congressmen? It cannot be. With rare exceptions, the national lawmakers are sober, serious men. They do not dissipate. They are not devotees of the cabaret, and, though Washington is now dry, they seldom go to Baltimore.

Congressman Arthur W. Overmyer of Ohio has come to the conclusion, from personal observation, that the real answer is worry and overwork. A member of congress is always a busy man, if he conscientiously looks after the business of his district, but when a war comes along his work is multiplied and magnified. The strain is intensified and the weight of cares often becomes perilously oppressive.

Overmyer is an active and robust man. He is still less than forty years old and has nothing the appearance of a corpse, but he has felt the increasing stress of work and, being up to date, has made an efficiency survey of his own time for one week. The result is set forth in the following letter to a friend:

"For a number of months I have been wondering where all my time went, the days always being too short to accomplish what had to be done. I knew I was busy, but wondered if I was not wasting time somewhere by lack of system or something. So I determined to keep an account of my time and what I did from a certain Monday morning to the following Saturday night, and at the end of the week found I had put in 76 hours of work."

Flag Made for Tuscania Burial Placed in Museum

PRESIDENT WILSON has deposited in the United States National museum a flag which will excite in the hearts of the people feelings of the deepest gratitude toward our allies. It is the United States flag used at the burial of American soldiers who were lost with the sinking of the Tuscania. The flag was made by four Scotch women and a Scotchman of Islay House—Jessie McLellan, Mary Cunningham, Catherine McGregor, Mary Armour and John McDougall—in order that over the United States soldiers when laid at rest there might wave the Stars and Stripes for which they had given their all.

Frank M. America of the London staff of the Associated Press, who was the first American to arrive at Islay after the disaster of the Tuscania, was asked by Hugh Morrison, the Scotch landowner at whose residence, Islay House, the flag was made, to send this interesting relic to President Wilson with the request that it be placed in some museum or institution to be selected by him. Mr. Morrison took a prominent part in the Tuscania relief work and donated the land for two cemeteries in which American soldiers now lie.

The flag, 37 by 67 inches in size, shows plainly by its workmanship that it is hand made. It was transmitted to the president by Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, and has been placed on exhibition in the entrance hall of the older museum building, where are displayed many priceless relics of American heroes of former wars. It is accompanied by three photographs, one of the group of five makers of the flag, one of Hugh Morrison, and one of Colin Campbell of Port Ellen, who provided clothing and did everything possible to make comfortable the American survivors from the Tuscania who landed at Port Ellen on the Mull of Oa.

District Is Doing Its Duty in Housing Workers

THAT Washington is going to do more than was expected of it in housing the government's war workers is indicated by the fact that the room registration office of the District council of defense has hundreds of more rooms listed than it had six weeks ago. Early in April fear was expressed by government officials that the supply of rooms at the registration office would be exhausted by May 1, and that it would be several months before housing accommodations would be built by the government.

Despite these fears there have been new rooms listed at the registration office at a rate that has more than kept pace with the influx of new workers seeking room. No Washingtonian who has a room available, however, should fail to list it because of the knowledge that the registration office is at present keeping pace with the demand. It is understood that Otto M. Eidlitz, who has charge of the government's building program, is expecting the homes of Washington to provide for a large proportion of the 20,000 or more workers who are expected to come here during the remainder of this year.

The first dormitories to be erected will have a total capacity of 5,000. Accommodations for several thousand more may be built later. The Maltby building near the capitol will be remodeled after the terms of the housing bill and several large residential properties in the northwest now used for government offices are expected to be vacated for the use of the housing bureau as soon as new temporary office structures on the Mall are ready for occupancy.

In spite of the new dormitories and the remodeling of the Maltby building and other large buildings now used as offices, officials of the housing bureau of the department of labor expect the room registration office to find accommodations for possibly more than 5,000 war workers, in addition to the large number that already has been placed by that office.

Mr. Burleson Promptly Restored Old John's Salary

THERE is an old colored messenger in the post office department building on the southwest corner of Eleventh street and Pennsylvania avenue. He is one of many messengers, but his claim to distinction rests on the fact that he has been in the service for 35 or 45 years or some such term of years.

Several months ago he suddenly found himself reduced in salary from $900 to $720 and the only cause given was that the department had to cut expenses. The old man thought it pretty hard that he should have been among those hit and he wondered at such a reward for his long service but he said nothing.

Nobody heard him complain.

Then one day he happened to be sent up to the house office building with a message for one of the members of the house post office committee.

Now, it happened that Postmaster General Burleson himself was visiting the member that morning and was present when the messenger came in.

It also happened that the messenger had never seen the postmaster general.

"John," said the member of congress, "how do you like your job at the post office department?"

"I like it all right," came the reply. "I ain't got no kick. Only———"

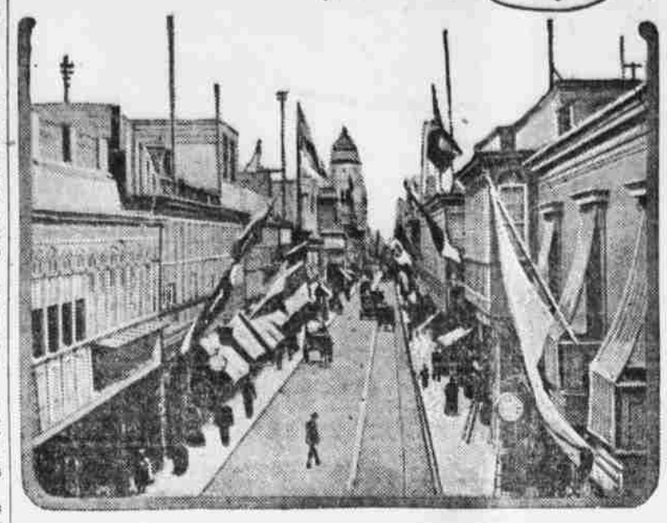
"Only what?" asked the representative.

"Only I don't understand some things," replied the messenger. "After I been working there for all these years, to git reduced, that seems a funny way to give a man reward."

Still the postmaster general remained impassive—and unknown.

But the next day an order was issued at the post office department. It was signed by Postmaster General Burleson and called for the reinstatement of the old messenger in the $900 grade.

LIMA, the City of the Kings



One of the Older Streets of Lima.

COMPARATIVELY few foreigners see interior regions of Peru today; but a majority of those who voyage up and down the Pacific pay brief visits to Lima, the City of the Kings. It is located in an undulating valley which extends inland from the ocean for 50 miles or more to the foothills of the Andes, although numerous mountain spurs rise here and there about the valley, two of which, San Cristobal and San Jeronimo, dominate the city of Lima. Through this valley the River Rimac winds its way to the sea at Callao, starting from rivulets at least 17,000 feet high amid the eternal snows of the mountains. Nearly four centuries have passed since Pizarro laid the foundation stones of the cathedral on a central plaza known today as Plaza Mayor. Around and in the vicinity of this level area the new capital began to grow. Pizarro's idea, according to historians, was to found a capital more easily accessible than the cities constructed by the Incas and their predecessors, who builded far inland and in localities difficult to reach.

The Rimac flows directly through Lima, the larger city development being on the southern side of the stream, writes William A. Reid in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. The latter is spanned by several bridges over which passes a constant traffic. Lima, with its 200,000 population today, has been a long time growing to present proportions. In shape the city was originally more or less that of a giant triangle, the hypotenuse of which was formed by the Rimac. Pizarro bestowed the name of City of the Kings upon the place as a token of honor on behalf of his royal benefactors; but gradually the native title seems to have become more and more popular. The name Lima is derived from that of the river, the legendary word Rimac meaning "one who speaks."

Historical Plaza Mayor.

If you go sightseeing in Lima the start should be made from the Plaza Mayor, a section of the city from which every kind of activity radiates today as in the past. This popular meeting ground comprises several acres, and so historical if not hallowed is every foot of space that one is lost in meditation in endeavoring to picture the countless epoch-making scenes that have transpired there. On one side of this plaza stands the massive cathedral with its twin towers, the foundation stones of which Pizarro himself is credited with laying. Near by is the site of the house in which the conqueror breathed his last as the assassin struck the death blow. Within the cathedral today the mummy of Pizarro lies, a shriveled but well-preserved figure, the sight of which causes silent reverence, whatever may have been the character of the man or the causes he espoused.

Occupying the entire north side of this Plaza Mayor is the historical palace, a massive but typically low structure with various courts, halls, and many rooms, which formerly housed the viceroys and their official families. Today this edifice is used for government purposes. With its uniformed sentinels always on duty it bears a military aspect, the daily guard mount being especially interesting to the stranger. The other sides of the Plaza Mayor are occupied today by the city hall and by business edifices, the lower floors of which serve as shops, restaurants, etc., while the upper stories are utilized by clubs or as private apartments.

The Plaza Mayor is one of Lima's most animated sights day and night. From here the electric cars radiate to every part of the city; here one finds carriages and motor cars for pleasure or for business; amid the beautiful flowers and foliage those who have leisure sit and read the news of the day or listen to the music of the bands which often enliven the evenings; the cathedral and the post office near by draw the citizens by thousands, and all are passing and repassing over a plaza so ancient and yet so modern; it is also the site from which the proclamation of Peruvian independence was read to the throng on July 28, 1821, the anniversary of which is celebrated each year.

A short distance away standing on another attractive plaza know as Bolivar, we find the two buildings which house the Peruvian congress. Especially historic is the senate chamber within the ancient Inquisition building.

Famous Torre-Tagle Mansion.

A majority of the older residences of Lima are the typical one-story structures, and usually a court is one of the leading features. Opening on this court are the various living, sleeping, and other apartments; while the court itself is adorned with growing plants, flowers, and often a small tree or two. Birds, parrots, and other pets are also numerous. Barred windows and balconies are always in evidence.

Many Lima homes of the better classes are two-story structures, and in such cases the balcony overhanging the street offers the family a fine point from which to view the life of the street when tired of the courtyard and its seclusion. One of the finest types of this home is the famous Torre-Tagle mansion. Almost a fortress in appearance as one enters the great stone wall leading from the street, but when within the courtyards (there are several), the outer doors closed, a veritable and secluded palace presents itself with enough luxurious surroundings to make even a king envious. It was built in the days of the viceroys and nothing seems to have been forgotten as regards comfort and convenience of those early times, even to the private chapel opening on one of the courts. The carved mahogany balconies overlooking the street are also works of art and patient toil.

Peru's capital is the home of a national museum, one of the world's most interesting institutions of this nature. It shares with that of Cairo in displaying to modern peoples various incidents of life and activity of by-gone races.

Many Pleasure Resorts.

The resorts and pleasure parks of the capital are numerous, and there are modern electric lines for reaching them from the heart of the city. Chorrillos, Barranco, Miraflores, La Punta, etc., offer those who love the sea fine opportunities for boating or bathing; and, indeed, a large number of people maintain their permanent homes on or near the Bay of Chorrillos, famous for its regattas and other aquatic sports. On the other hand, when the fogs and mist of winter overhang the coastal region many citizens of the capital find the sunny climate of Chosica especially appealing; the latter resort lies some 30 miles inland in the Andean foothills and directly on the Oroya railroad.

In 1870 an exposition was held in Lima, and naturally a number of new buildings were constructed in order to provide for exhibits and throngs of people. The name of Exposition park seems to have become definitely fixed upon this suburb, and today we find that many of the people of wealth and influence have established their homes in that part of Lima. The park itself covers about 30 acres, and is laid out in beautiful walks, artificial lakes, grottoes, flower gardens, and other attractive features. Within the park is also located one of the finest restaurants in the whole city, and it is here in season that many of the exclusive society folk spend the evenings, surrounded by tropical plants and flowers and charmed by the beautiful strains of the orchestral music, a feature of Lima life.

In front of this park the most beautiful avenue of the capital, known as Paseo Colon, has been constructed. It is nearly a mile long, is 150 feet wide, one end of which terminates at the new circle or Plaza Bolognesi. On either side of this avenue many costly residences have been built, along the middle avenue from end to end extends a border of flowers, and at intervals stand monuments representing the heroes of Peruvian history. A number of arches are studded with electric bulbs, which render the whole avenue especially attractive at night.

In Fond Remembrance.

"His last words were of you."

The prodigal son-in-law tried to feel as solemn as he looked.

"Might I inquire what they were?"

"You might. He said if he could get one good biff at you he would die happy."

AN EXCITING SPORT

Hunting Monkeys in Burmah Is Full of Thrills.

Consternation in Treetops When Gibbons Are Assailed—Travel Faster Through Trees Than Man Can Run on Ground.

Our most exciting sport at the Namting camp was hunting monkeys, writes Roy Chapman Andrews in Harper's. Every morning we heard querulous notes, sounding much like the squealing of very young puppies, which were followed by long drawn siren wails. When the shrill notes had reached their highest pitch they would sink into low, full tones exceedingly musical.

We were inspecting a line of traps placed along a trail which led up a valley to a wide plateau when the querulous squealing abruptly ceased. We moved on, alert and tense. The trees stretched upward a full 150 feet, their tops spread out in a leafy roof. In the topmost branches of one we could just discern a dozen balls of yellow fur from which proceeded discordant wails.

It was a long range for a shotgun, but the rifles were all in camp. I fired a charge of "BB's" at the lowest monkey and as the gun roared out the treetops suddenly sprang into life. They were filled with running, leaping, hairy forms swinging at incredible speed from branch to branch—not a dozen, but a score of monkeys, yellow, brown and gray.

The one at which I had shot seemed unaffected and threw himself full twenty feet to a horizontal limb below and to the right. I fired again, and he stopped, ran a few steps forward, and swung to the under side of the branch. At the third charge he hung suspended by one arm and dropped to the ground.

We tossed him into the dry creek bed and dashed up the hill where the branches were still swaying as the monkeys traveled through the treetops. They had a long start and it was a hopeless chase. In ten minutes they had disappeared and we turned back to find the dead animal. It was a young male, and I knew at once that it was a gibbon (Hylobates), for its long arms, round head and tailless body were unmistakable; but in every species with which I was familiar the male was black. This one was yellow and we knew it to be a prize.

For the remainder of our stay at the Namting river camp we devoted ourselves to hunting monkeys. The gibbons soon became extremely wild. Although the same troop could usually be found in the valley where we had first discovered them, they chose hillsides on which it was almost impossible to stalk them because of the thorny jungle. We went forward only when the calls were echoing through the jungle and stood motionless as the wailing ceased. But in spite of all our care they would see or hear us. Then in sudden silence there would be a tremor of the branches, splash after splash of leaves, and the herd would swing away through the trackless treetops.

The gibbons are well named Hylobates or "tree walkers," for they are entirely arboreal and, although awkward and almost helpless upon the ground, once their long thin hands touch a branch they become transformed into veritable spirits of the treetops. They launch themselves into space, catch a branch twenty feet away to swing for an instant and hurl themselves to another. It is possible for them to travel through the trees faster than a man can run on open ground.

Hard on Norah.

Norah was a new servant girl in the employ of the Browns, and hardly had she been 24 hours on the job before she had the misfortune to drop a piece of roast beef on the floor.

Roast beef that has been used as a mop becomes just a little bit gritty to the taste, so Nora thought it the part of wisdom to consign it to the garbage can.

"I think, Nora," remarked Mrs. Brown, rambling into the kitchen later in the day, "that we will have some of that roast beef, cut cold for supper."

"Sure, an' Oi'm sorry, ma'am," responded Norah, contritely, "but the cat got it when Oi wasn't lookin'."

"The cat got it!" exclaimed the mistress. "What cat?"

"Jay whizz, ma'am!" rejoined Norah, considerably concerned. "Ain't there no cat?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

First Settlement on Manhattan.

The first habitations of white men on the island of Manhattan were erected in 1613. The first structures in the American metropolis were four small houses, or, rather, huts, and they were on the site now occupied by the skyscraper at 41 Broadway. A bronze tablet on the building at that address commemorates the beginning of New York city.

The collection of hovels gradually grew into a town, which was almost wiped out by fire in 1826. The first fort was commenced in 1632, on a site now occupied by the customhouse, the main gate of Fort Amsterdam, as it was called, opening on Bowling Green, where the first settlers played their games. In 1653 a wooden wall was constructed as a defense against a threatened invasion of New Englanders, and the site of this wall afterward became Wall street.

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

Old Clothes Dealers Get Rich on Treasure Trove

NEW YORK.—To the average person who rushes from his apartment to the subway station each morning the man who stops him to whisper something about "hi-cash" and "ol' close" is but a lowly dealer in cast-off garments. But in reality the old clothes dealer is a gambler in human nature, who counts his profits not in the difference between the cost and selling price of the garments handled, but his daily find of cash, jewels or valuable papers that are in one of every 12 suits that pass through his hands.

One dealer in second-hand clothes, who covers a territory he has mapped out for himself in the Washington Heights district, estimates that $5,000 a year is a conservative estimate on the money left in discarded clothing of the average New Yorker. His findings last year, according to his own estimates, totaled $5,600.

"Of course, I try to restore any jewel that I find in the pocket of a suit I buy," he said. "If I know where the suit comes from I take it back immediately and usually am given a reward.

"But in buying old clothes you must remember that we get many suits in the course of a day; we meet many people and we don't have time to do much examining of pockets if we are going to get over the district we must cover.

"The result is that if I get in at night with half a dozen suits I nearly always find something stuck in some hidden pocket in one of the coats. Sometimes it is a five-dollar bill that the owner tried to hide from his wife and succeeded in hiding from himself. Sometimes it is a piece of small change—too small to warrant a return trip to the owner. But occasionally it is something of value, such as a diamond ring.

"Once I found an engagement ring valued at $450. I returned it and received $50 as a reward. On another occasion I found an old jewel that looked as if it was worth about 15 cents. I returned it because it was so old, however, and found it was worth more to its owner than if it had been made of diamonds. He gave me $50 as a reward.

"In my experience I have found that one suit in 12 has something of value in it. That really is the profit of the business, since the margin of profit in handling old clothes is not enough to make it worth our time unless there were other means of making an income out of it to be found."

Saloons of Hoboken Are Turned Into Libraries

NEW YORK.—Since Uncle Sam took the bock out of Hoboken, three of its saturation centers have been converted into libraries. Three months ago the library war service took over the three vacated saloons for use as receiving and shipping stations for books bound for the French front. The saloons were stripped of their fixtures and have been the sorting and packing centers from which 100,000 books have started on their journey to the firing line.

Inside the cafes the spigots that once gurgled with glee when spoken to are now speechless, and the beer cases have given way to book cases.

Of all the transformations wrought by the hand of Mars in Hoboken none is more drastic or complete than the supplanting of bottles with books and liquor with learning. In place of stocks of wet goods there are stacks of dry books heaped high before the massive mirrors, and the only signs of beer are beer signs on the walls. There are books in the drawers, books on the shelves, books in the ice boxes—tons of books rising from the floor in immense masses and tapering at the top like pyramids of knowledge.

In the olden days, before Uncle Sam picked up Hoboken and left her broken-hearted, these cafes were the gathering places of Germans. The spacious rooms which perhaps rang with cheers at German victory are now flooded with books until sometimes they burst through the front doors and run out upon the sidewalk. Those who unknowingly wander up and down Hoboken's principal street in search of liquid refreshment find only food for thought in the form of that which inspires, but does not inebriate, and stimulates, but does not intoxicate.

William Old-Bear of Oklahoma Stirs Up Chicago

CHICAGO.—There came into West Madison street one William Old-Bear of Cushing, Okla. There lingered about William the quaint fancy of the Wikiup, the gentle somnolent zephyr of the endless prairies, the song of the coyote, and the solemn silences of the starlit night.

The crash of traffic appalled him, automobiles zoomed past him like dragons, and the street seemed a rushing, bawling, hopeless bedlam. William Old-Bear turned in at the sign of the dusty larynx and bought himself a man's size snifter, and more of the same.

When he had filled his person with potent mead he stood forth upon the sidewalk at Jefferson and Madison streets and winked a sinful eye. A pedestrian chanced by among the hundreds who scurry. Perhaps something in the unconscious phiz of the pedestrian recalled an ancient foe. For William Old-Bear drew back his fist and let fly. It caught the pedestrian a prodigious jolt and set him astonished upon the curbstone.

Another pedestrian tripped past. Suddenly he sprawled upon the walk. William Old-Bear had dealt him a wallop that came clear from the stone age.

Two more pedestrians fell and dropped into the profound sleep of unconsciousness before someone thought to turn in a riot call. Policemen Marshall, Joiner and Gall of the Desplaines station came at a gallop.

In the police station he almost tore down the jail. Then it was realized what ailed William Old-Bear. He was rushed to the bridewell hospital, where the reflections of his all-beholding retina came true. There was no wikiup, no somnolent zephyr; but pink buffaloes and blue snakes and turkeys with straw bonnets on frolicked in endless profusion before him. For William Old-Bear has the D. T's.

Airedale Popular With Signal Corps in Chicago

CHICAGO.—The Airedale, a shaggy, sad-eyed dog that gained popularity only in recent years, has convinced officers of the Central department, Signal corps, United States army, of its superiority over all breeds as a canine war messenger. While official authorization for use of the Airedale on the battlefields of Europe has not yet been issued by the war department, schools for intensive courses in training have been established and officers say that reports from the various army camps show that the dogs have made remarkable progress.

"The Airedale surpasses all other dogs in point of intelligence, and although peaceful, is also most courageous," said one officer. "Tests have established beyond doubt its superiority over other dogs as a war messenger, particularly those used by the German army.

"The Airedale is a cross from a bull terrier, otter hound and Berkeley terrier. It is a result of years of careful breeding, and its name, it is said, is derived from the Aire valley of England, where is originated."

The dogs now in training were either given to the Signal corps by patriotic citizens or purchased by interested army officers. Scores of them with long pedigrees and valued highly have been given and other offers are coming in daily. Females are in greater demand because of their intelligence. Methods of training are a military secret.

"When the dogs are taken at the age of from ten to eighteen months and properly developed as one-man dogs (for the Airedale is distinctly a one-man dog) no beast can equal them as war dogs," said the officer. "Their color blends perfectly with night shades. The ability of the dogs to slip quietly through barb-wire entanglements without a scratch is remarkable."